

## ZION'S HERALD.

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# ZION'S HERALD

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### SILENT INFLUENCE.

BY MRS. HARRIET BINNEY STEELE.

As spicy breath from tropic isles  
Steals upon the seas,  
And voyagers half yet unseen shores,  
Scents the fragrant breeze,—

So may the aroma of our lives,  
In holy words and deeds  
Float out upon the world's drear waste,  
Supplying others' needs.

So many poor wanderers catch the balm  
Out on life's boisterous tide,  
And hasten to reach the isles of peace,  
Where we by faith abide.

So may the Christ-love in our hearts  
Its sweetness shed abroad,  
That we, ourselves unseen, may draw  
Lost souls to Christ, the Lord!

### THE CONSERVATION OF ENERGY.

BY PROF. B. P. BOWNE.

"Force, like matter, has been discovered to be indestructible;" and hence a great many things follow. The most prominent conclusion, however, with the rhetoricians is, that the physical universe is a true perpetual motion capable of running on forever, and so far as we know, able to do without a creator. This is a most important proposition, if true.

But the moment one attempts to expand, or even to understand, this doctrine, it becomes clear that our scientific theology is bent upon reproducing Babel. When we begin the study of mechanics or physics, force is defined as whatever tends to alter the condition of a body, whether in motion or at rest. According to this definition, chemical affinity, cohesion, gravity, and the various forms of repulsion are all ranged under the head of force. So far all is plain sailing. But, by and by, the conservation man comes in and tells us (1), that force is indestructible; (2), that all work involves the expenditure of force; and (3) that all the forces of nature pass into one another. This, too, seems quite plain, and we proceed to apply our new knowledge. We know that the attractive and repulsive forces of the universe are constantly doing work, and since work involves the expenditure of force, we look to find them growing less and less. But at once the discouraging fact appears, that they are often stronger than ever after an indefinite amount of work. Still, the professor of physics did define force as stated, and the conservationist did say that all work involves the expenditure of force.

A similar difficulty arises when we attempt to understand the passage of one force into another. Certain forces are said to be only modes of motion, and we contrive to understand that one mode of motion might well pass into another. But when it comes to the original attractions and repulsions of the elements, we are quite at sea again. That gravitation, which acts indifferently on all elements and which obeys the law of the inverse square, should suddenly become chemical affinity, which acts only selectively and which does not vary as the inverse square, is a notion which it requires great mental suppleness clearly to realize. That either gravity or affinity should become repulsion, is a doctrine that would have delighted Hegel. Still, some of the rhetorical conservationists do speak as if these central forces do pass into one another.

But these difficulties will not compare with the mental buffettings we receive when we attempt to apply the doctrine of the constancy of force. That the sum total of force in the universe is a constant quantity, is not to be doubted by any one who claims to be a thinker at all; and we, unwilling to forego the claim, hasten to repeat the creed. But we are in the toils of our professor of physics still. We try to say the attractions of the universe are a constant quantity, when the awkward fact turns up in memory that

they vary in the most disagreeable way. Perhaps, then, the repulsions are constant; or, it may be, the sum of attractions and repulsions, or their difference, is a constant quantity. But our professor of physics pursues us relentlessly and denounces each of these suppositions. Now, see our difficulty: Force is expended or used up in doing work, but it is not any of the attractive and repulsive forces of the elements. And force is constant, too; but it is no assignable one. Something is constant, no doubt, if only we knew what it is; and we stand ready to believe as soon as some one will give a consistent expression of the creed. But, plainly, if the physicist and conservationist use the word "force" in the same sense, it would be hard to harmonize their utterances. But if we use it with different meanings, it is at least an inconvenient terminology which is apt to send the rhetorician off into grandiloquent flights about the unity and eternity of the universe, and which sends the student off on a wild-goose chase. Not to mention the physiological metaphysicians, who, naturally enough, misunderstand the doctrine, no less a person than Faraday himself was betrayed into some astonishing speculations concerning the ether and its relation to gravity, solely by the ambiguity of this word "force." We cannot, he urged, say that force is constant when it varies as the square of the distance; and, therefore, the law of gravitation is not strictly true.

But while we are pondering the mysterious uses of this word "force," an advanced scientist comes forward, just as we expected, and tells us we are on the wrong track and have completely mistaken the doctrine. According to Prof. Tyndall, among many others, the doctrine says nothing about the inner qualities of the elements whereby different forms of action are possible to them. These must be viewed as original and irreducible factors of the elements' nature; and if any one of them were away, the others could never replace it. It is not pretended that affinity or gravity are ever transformed from anything else or into anything else, but both are accepted as primary and irreducible. But the primary attractions and repulsions all meet upon the field of motion, and all manifest themselves by producing sundry forms of motion. It is here, only, that the theory has any application. Our scientist next amends the theory by changing force into energy, making it read, the energy of the universe is constant. This relieves our difficulties arising from the unsuspected ambiguity of the word "force." But what is energy? It has two factors: 1. Any attraction or repulsion, or other force, which can imitate motion; 2. A space in which this motion can take place. If a stone lie on the earth it has no energy, or if two chemical elements have united they are without chemical energy; yet in each case the attraction is at the strongest. But let the stone be raised from the earth, or the elements wrenched apart so that motion can take place, then energy becomes positive.

Now, heat has this peculiarity: When energy has once taken on the form of heat, only a part of it can be transformed back into the higher forms. Heat does work only when there is an inequality of temperature, just as water does work only when there is a difference of level. But heat tends to uniform diffusion, and when uniformly diffused it is practically lost. There would be as much energy as ever, but it would be incapable of transformation; and the system depends not merely on the conservation of energy, but on its transformability. This final state may be reached only after a series of solar systems have arisen and decayed; but if the present physical laws continue, it will finally come. From this fact Sir William Thomson, Prof. Tait, Balfour, Stewart, Clausius, and many others equally eminent, have drawn the conclusion that our physical system, which as an active agent must end in time, has necessarily had a beginning in time. Some do draw back from the conclusion; not, indeed, because any scientific escape can be discerned, but because it is so unexpected, so bizarre.

To one acquainted only with the rhetorical presentations of the doctrine, it is almost a disappointment to find it leading to a result so opposite to all we had been led to expect. It was invoked to save the universe, and it turns out to be its destroyer. Above all, its atheistic worshippers are deserted and put to shame by their chief deity. Would it not be well for the rhetoricians of popular science, and certain metaphysical physicists — who are neither metaphysicians nor physicists — to take the trouble to find out what the doctrine really is before doing any further splurging over the "grandest generalization of the ages?"

Boston University.

### IN THE WOODS ONCE MORE.

BY REV. MARK TRAFTON, D. D.

MY OLD FRIENDS AND READERS: It is a long time since we last looked each other in the face, and we almost need an introduction; but we will leave that to the editor.

This is my first attempt at writing,

save a short line in a letter, since the

middle of June, when an inflammation

seized my eyes, and I have fought a

great fight for my sight. How many,

hours, shut up in a darkened

room, have I tried to imagine what it

would be to be blind — to see no more

beloved faces; to grope one's way, or

be led by a faithful dog; to see no more

this goodly form of nature, the pearly

blue by day, and the starry cope by

night; but, instead, the "ever-during

dark" of the grand old blind poet who

are as follows: 1. The forces of the elements must vary only with the spaces through which they act; 2. The atoms never clash so as to diminish their motion by their inelastic solidity. When these conditions do not hold, the energy is not constant. If, for example, there be forces in the system which depend upon the velocity of the elements, as seems to be the case with electric currents, according to Weber's law, the conservation is not exact. Or, if there be forces which vary with the mode of aggregation, or the form of organization, as seems the case in the organic world, again the conservation would not be exact. Or, if there should be beings capable by volition of originating any motion whatever, the law would not hold. Now, all these suppositions are quite simple, and quite in harmony with appearances, and before an absolute conservation can be affirmed, it must be shown that there are no such beings and forces in the system.

We omit, however, all criticism of the doctrine, and content ourselves with inquiring into the atheistic use which has been made of it. The doctrine has been, from its first announcement, the great denouement of all atheistic systems. Is not the energy of the universe constant, and may it not, therefore, run on forever? A verbal exegesis of the doctrine seems to justify such a conclusion; and, at once, the atheists and materialists, who have always been the camp-followers and bummers of science, to its no small discredit, pounced upon it, and, as usual, misunderstood it. Of course, it could not be otherwise when one is under obligation to interpret a scientific theory, not by the facts, but by the irreligious use which can be made of it. In opposition to verbal exegesis, however, an intelligent understanding of the doctrine shows all such atheistic fumbling to be groundless; nay, more, it is precisely the law of conservation which makes it impossible that the present system should run on forever. All the leading physicists are now agreed that if the present laws continue long enough, all the ponderable matter within the grip of gravitation will finally be gathered into one mass; and all the energy of the universe will sink into heat.

Now, heat has this peculiarity: When energy has once taken on the form of heat, only a part of it can be transformed back into the higher forms. Heat does work only when there is an inequality of temperature, just as water does work only when there is a difference of level. But heat tends to uniform diffusion, and when uniformly diffused it is practically lost.

There would be as much energy as ever, but it would be incapable of transformation; and the system depends not merely on the conservation of energy, but on its transformability. This final state may be reached only after a series of solar systems have arisen and decayed; but if the present physical laws continue, it will finally come.

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MISCELLANEOUS.  
THE RETURNED MISSIONARY.

BY FLETCHER MATES.

A missionary forced to fly  
For health from Africa's sultry sky,  
Discovered that his speech had lost  
The slightest ring of Hottenot.  
After recruiting he was called,  
And over a city Church installed;  
When a friend whispered, "I suppose  
You've changed the desert for the rose?"  
"Preaching," said he, "near Congo's shore,  
I heard a hungry lion roar;  
Which friend moment scared me so  
I did not feel prepared to go.  
Faith said, 'Be calm! the God of Zion  
O'er shut the mouth of Daniel's lion.'  
Then cool-for-nothing Foe began:  
But Daniel was a better man!"  
Now, my Church has one millionaire,  
And a rich widow worships there;  
They have such parish influence,  
A word from them would drive me hence.  
Instead of coming for salvation,  
They watch my poor pronunciation,  
Returning home to criticize;  
And often, when I meet their eyes,  
My poor old legs will tremble more  
Than when I heard that lion roar."

## RAYMOND'S THEOLOGY.\*

BY GILBERT HAVEN.

Those who have heard Dr. Raymond preach have never failed to be delighted with his strong, clear, bold statements of Gospel truth. He preaches from a lecture chair in his precision of statement; he lectures, as from the pulpit, in his force and fire. Many of these admirers have been urging him for years to put his words on paper. But ink and paper have been as far from his desire as they were from that of Father Taylor. He never wrote a composition, we venture to assert, in his school days, but with great reluctance. And when chosen to preach the Massachusetts election sermon, his greatest task was to put his sermon on paper. For such an anti-slavery writer, two bulky octavos — over a thousand pages — shows what changes time and fate may determine.

These lectures are the sermons of his youth, set off with the critical growth of age. They would be easy to read, even if the type and paper were not so perfect. They discourse of the high themes of God and man in Christ Jesus. The first half of the first volume is devoted to the basis of all Christian doctrine — the Word of God. The arguments for miracles, preservation, authenticity and authority, are well put; that for inspiration is less fully discussed, though here he strikes a middle line, as he thinks, but one which compels him, if faithful to logic, to side with the verbalists. He does not, at least, fall into the folly of supervisive and dynamical inspiration. The divine and human were mutually interactive, as in the person and work of Christ, as in the work of redemption in the believer.

The doctrine of the Atonement has a strong putting in the sacrifice of the whole Christ. For the first time in post-patristic theology the divinity in the passion of Christ is not denied. He is not of those who believe only humanity suffered, but says: "We insist that our trust shall be in a divine Saviour, that all our hopes of pardon and salvation be founded upon divine expiation — an expiation which has a merit and an efficacy that can pertain to no act or event that is not divine. This thought is not distinguishable from the conception that the God-man, Christ, died for the sins of the world." Again: "Christ tasted death for every man, and Christ was Logos, made flesh — God and man in one Christ, two natures in one person. . . . It was the will of God that the eternal Word should make atonement for sin. For the accomplishment of this body was prepared. Not that the divine Redeemer took possession of a human body merely, for He was a man with like passions with ourselves. . . . The prepared body was a human being; He that came was divine. The divine and human natures were united in one Person, and that Person died for our sins, and rose again for our justification."

This is healthy and fresh. We rejoice to see theology emerging from the folly that "God could not suffer," an absurdity matched by the parallel absurdity that God in Christ was only a simulacrum.

Less satisfactory is his discussion of the Atonement. He lays out the idea that it is governmental exclusively or chiefly, and that it is retributive; he includes in it the idea that it is vicarious, propitiatory, declarative. This last is his favorite thought, and here, too, for almost the first time, he is obscure. What he means by "declarative" is not clear. To set forth, or declare, is almost a nonentity, and the Doctor does not believe in nonentities. He says, "The death of Christ is a declaration that God is a righteous Being and righteous Sovereign." He adds, "It satisfies the justice of God, both essential and rectoral, in that it satisfactorily proclaims them and vindicates them by fully securing their ends — the glory of God and the welfare of His creatures." But this last sentence has no more to do with declarative, than with retributive or governmental atonement. It may belong even to a Socinian view, in their way of putting it. It is words only, and that is not what the Doctor is guilty of employing — *vox et praeteritum nihil*. Nor do we think he states the retributive atonement accurately. It is not, necessarily, the exact suffering of every sinner, exactly fulfilled in Christ, so that the whole debt is just paid and no more, and hence every

sinner owes nothing. That idea, connected with his doctrine of the death of the God-man, simply means that the divine Atoner, in His act of atonement, did suffer all every sinner ever could suffer. In fact, He suffered infinitely more. If the God-man suffered to the fullness of His being, it was infinitely more than all creatures could suffer to all their limited eternity. That only makes it the more possible for Him to be just and yet justify the sinner. It does not make certain, or necessary, the salvation of a single soul.

Nothing is simpler than the Gospel doctrine of the Atonement. When scholiasts of every age meddle and muddle over this divine simplicity, do they not hear the wrathful and scowling voice that God addressed to Elihu, "Who art thou that darkened counsel by words without knowledge?"

The Atonement is declarative; it is also retributive, governmental, vicarious, propitiatory. It is not the theatrical entertainment that modern Elihu, of which Dr. Bushnell was chief, invite us to attend — contrary to the very Discipline of our Church, which forbids our visiting theatres. It is not a mere spectacular affair. That "declarative" looks towards such a display, if it does not tend thither. It is the Fact of the eternities — the sacrifice of the Son of God for the sin of man; a real, the real, fact, the fact of facts. The mode, or reason, or why, of this is utterly beyond our ken. We regret the choppiness of the logic in these deep seas of thought. Great oceans have great waves. These are not of them.

The summing up of this debate clears up some of these tortuous windings. It escapes from the outer sea, in its concluding statement. Seldom has the great doctrine been more simply or more grandly put: "The death of Christ is the condition required. Concerning this we affirm: 1. That the Scriptures represent that the salvation of men and the death of Christ are in some way connected, and that that connection is of vital importance. 2. The death of Christ is necessary — not metaphysically, as, opposed to contingency, it might not have been; nor necessary in the sense of constraint as opposed to liberty — it was perfectly voluntary — but necessary as a sine qua non; that without which pardon could not be. 3. The death of Christ is vicarious, is substitutional, in the sense that if Christ had not died, then death eternal would have been actually inflicted upon all to whom it was due. 4. The death of Christ is propitiatory, is an atonement, a reconciliation between God as sovereign and man as a sinner; is a satisfaction to divine justice for the sins of men, in the sense that it removes from the mind of God the bar to pardon, whatever that may be. 5. The death of Christ is redemptive, is a price paid, a consideration rendered, in view of which pardon may be granted, salvation may be obtained. 6. The death of Christ is declarative; it declares the righteousness of God; it is a declaration that God is a righteous Being and a righteous Sovereign; it satisfies the justice of God, both essential and rectoral, in that it satisfactorily proclaims them and vindicates them by securing their ends — the glory of God and the welfare of His creatures. 7. The death of Christ is theanthropic; it is the death of a theanthropic Person, a God-man, a Person in whom two distinct and perfect natures — the human and the divine — are united in one individuality. The death of Christ, considered as to the end it proposes, is efficacious, provisional and universal; considered as to its results, or the benefit it confers, it is in part unconditional and in part conditioned. 9. The death of Christ was symbolized in the sacrifices and offerings of both the patriarchal and the levitical priesthoods; those sacrifices were expiatory, because symbolic or typical of the one great sacrifice — the death of the incarnate Son of God."

It is a good lesson in writing. Dean Stanley is not clearer nor half as orthodox; a few less, or over, cultured words than "postulates," get in; but as a whole, it is rare in its felicity. Let all our ministers buy and study this new *apologia* of Christianity and Methodism.

## THE LOCAL PREACHER AND THE ITINERANCY.\*

BY REV. E. R. FRENCH.

Two ministries are recognized in the polity of the Methodist Episcopal Church, nearly equal as to numbers and one in work, but which have become widely different in their offices and influence. "In the early history of Methodism, the success of the reformation of Wesley in England and America was largely due to the labors of the local preacher. This was especially true in pioneer work, and it has not ceased to be a fact at the present day. In England this feature of the work is still maintained, and due prominence given to it. The elect character of the Wesleyan Conference enables them to do this without disparagement to any; for among those whose disabilities forever bar them from membership in it, are found many eminent in pulpit services, and of great usefulness as well as renown in the denomination. The case is widely different with us in America. We have practically abandoned the "circuit system," and the local preachers' labors have fallen into disrepute, or are no longer recognized as an essential part of our economy. The result is, there are many outlying neighborhoods in city and country that are almost wholly neglected as to the ministrations of the word of life. . . . Many such there are on the confines of our civilization where the tree of life bears fruit and ripens for the harvest, but there are none to gather it.

One hundred years ago the ministry was almost entirely self-supporting, and hence of necessity largely local.

The circuit system embraced the whole country; a single circuit often including several townships, and sometimes requiring a drive of more than five hundred miles to compass it in a single round of appointments. The traveling elder was the ruling spirit, and his laborers were the local preachers. After the lapse of a century, we are nearing monuments to the memory of those men who so abounded in labors, and who holds himself ready to answer any reasonable call of the Church to supply lack of service, should be enrolled as a delegate member of Conference, and be entitled to a seat on its floor. This would confer upon him the privilege of serving on committees and participating in its deliberations, but not the right to vote. His relation would correspond to that of a member on trial, and, after

the local preachers of that day were

\* An essay read before the Readfield District Ministerial Association at Waterville, January 25, 1877.

man that lives, volitionates a thousand and more times every day of his life in the total absence from consciousness of any emotion moving him thereto. . . . In guessing, as when a man is challenged to tell of an unknown number, whether it be odd or even, if mind acts only as it is acted upon, if will stands still till emotion moves it, the guesser could never speak." Of course, the anti-volitionist will say the guesser is controlled by a balance of motives to say odd or even; but no one can detect such balancing of motives, and no one feels that such motives effect his decision. His will is to him absolutely motiveless.

Dr. Raymond well shows that foreknowledge is not involved in the controversy, nor contingent events; that necessitarianism is true or false, independent entirely of knowledge, *pro* or *post*; that, if what will be must, it must be preceded by a foreknowledge as to its being. The whole chapter is admirable, but like Bryant in respect to Wordsworth, none the worse from the fact that Whedon "before him has written."

None the less valuable is the chapter on the Resurrection. It has no uncertain sound: "In the resurrection on the last day, substantially, in every respect essential in identity, the same bodies buried in the graves shall come forth." Amen! That and this divine suffering are an atonement for the less simple and therefore less Scriptural view of the Atonement itself.

The statements of eschatology, though brief, are clear. Heaven overrules hell as states, as experiences, as durations. The only favor he grants is the loss is that they prefer existence to annihilation, though suicides may suggest another view. But preference of existence is with nothing happy in existence; everything painful, wicked, horrible.

As a whole we earnestly commend this very fresh treatise on the very minister and lover of the Word and work of God. It is the fruit in old age. Fat and flourishing must be the church that yields it. His old pupils, who number thousands, should secure this reminder of the days when they hung entranced on his lips, and when they said one to another, "Did not our hearts burn within us, when he opened unto us the Scriptures?" Without any show of learning, with even the few Greek words put in English spelling, with no references to other authors, any more than Calvin's Institutes have, the great work rolls on and out,

"Serene, and resolute, and calm,  
And strong, and self possessed."

It is a refreshment — every page; as easy to read as the author is to hear. It is fresh with the times; handles Hodge as he would a composition of a boy; handles modern scientists when they poach on the theological manor as a huntsman a rabbit; never breaks the thread of argument; never falls into drowsiness, and hardly ever into dilemmas and difficulties.

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The circuit system embraced the whole country; a single circuit often including several townships, and sometimes requiring a drive of more than five hundred miles to compass it in a single round of appointments. The traveling elder was the ruling spirit, and his laborers were the local preachers. After the lapse of a century, we are nearing monuments to the memory of those men who so abounded in labors, and who holds himself ready to answer any reasonable call of the Church to supply lack of service, should be enrolled as a delegate member of Conference, and be entitled to a seat on its floor. This would confer upon him the privilege of serving on committees and participating in its deliberations, but not the right to vote. His relation would correspond to that of a member on trial, and, after

the local preachers of that day were

\* An essay read before the Readfield District Ministerial Association at Waterville, January 25, 1877.

strong men, men of thought as well as action, whose ability to preach and whose power in the pulpit were not inferior to those of their superiors in office; and the people appreciated their labors. Not unfrequently they would enter the "traveling connection" for a time, to meet exigencies arising in the work; and when the demand was met, or the inexorable necessity of family support required it, they fell back into the ranks of the local ministry with undiminished confidence, and unimpeded labors and usefulness.

Their names are foremost among the illustrious ones in the history of American Methodism — such names as Embury, Webb, Strawbridge, and a host of others eminent in their times; and in a recent review we call to mind those stalwart men whose self-sacrificing labors laid the foundations of Maine Methodism, the names of Mudge, Heath, Hall, B. Oadhead, Merritt, Munger, and their coadjutors, whose greater labors were in the local relation, and greatly increase his effectiveness as a co-laborer in the preaching of the Word. It will also relieve the Conferences of the equivocal position they now sustain to some of those men, viz., that of holding them on trial and receiving their services year after year, without the intention of ever admitting them to full connection.

This would not involve a radical change in our organic law. The Annual Conferences have the requisite authority now to admit delegates to their bodies, but no preacher can be received from our own communion, no matter how long he may have served acceptably in the "lay ministry," except after having been on trial two years. Two alterations in the Discipline are necessary (sections 101 and 107) to effect the proposed relationship in the denominational standing of the local preacher, and greatly increase his effectiveness as a co-laborer in the preaching of the Word. It will also relieve the Conferences of the equivocal position they now sustain to some of those men, viz., that of holding them on trial and receiving their services year after year, without the intention of ever admitting them to full connection.

This is manifestly wrong. A local preacher, after having served the Church a decade, strengthening weak societies, building church edifices and parsonages, and abounding in all good works, makes a failure in the letter on coming before the Conference committee for examination, and is rejected; while a licentiate of two years' standing attains sufficient proficiency to pass, and is admitted and sent out into the work to fail in almost every particular case.

The proposed changes would avoid these inconsistencies in our administration, and the Conferences themselves would become more elect. We have thus stated a few of the more salient points this subject presents, firmly believing that unless the present and prospective want of the Church be met, it will greatly impair the efficiency of our denominational work.

## LETTER FROM CINCINNATI.

MR. EDITOR: Communications in the HERALD often wake up lost incidents. One of your articles referred to old Bennet Street, Boston. I was at the "Hub" when Dr. Trafton was stationed in the old Bennet Street hive. I was young then, and was invited to take the pulpit in the morning. The afternoon round me at Father Taylor's Bethel. I had never heard the "commodore" preach, so I got in; and though no one would know me; but I had hardly got seated ere I was hailed by one of those old Penobscot sea captains and asked to take a seat with the "commodore." I begged off.

Soon a Jack Tar came in whistling a lively jig, half sea over, and was invited by the usher to a seat right in front of the pulpit. Father T. looked down on the poor sailor, and said, "A poor lamb fell among wolves!" He soon fell asleep, and all was right. I bad heard down here in Maine that Father T. had slid into Unitarian ideas; so I was all ear to detect his defection, if it existed. The old hero of so many battles opened his theme gloriously — "Christ — Divinity, Deity." Oh, how he plied up the glory of our, my, Christ!

As soon as he was done, I sprang to my feet and told them what I had heard about his Unitarianism, and gave vent to my unspeakable joy at what I had just heard. Somehow Mark Trafton and T. Hill were invited to take dinner with Father T. on Monday. Mark, true as steel, broke silence in the midst of halibut, puddings, pies, and good cheer, saying, "Capt. Taylor, how came you to allow this Down-ender to exhibit in your meeting yesterday?"

"If it hadn't been about right, I should have sung out, 'Belay that!' In plain English, 'Take your seat, sir!'

We took a boat and went on board a U. S. frigate in the harbor; and to see Capt. Taylor cut and shear over that deck, examining machinery and guns, was rare sport. We are strong friends to-day. I have the old hero's hang up in my sleeping-room, and look at him morning and evening as he appeared on that first Sabbath I heard him.

T. HILL.

will be a splendid structure. We are moving upward to even greater things than ever entered into the dreams of our citizens.

The community has just been saddened by the death of Levi Coffin, the philanthropist and pioneer abolitionist. The people assembled in large numbers at the Quaker church to mourn his departure and pay their last tribute to a great and good man. The colored people were there in a body, and the tears chased one another down their dusky faces. Dr. Russ and Dr. Warden, among others, participated in the exercises. The various denominations were represented. Not an eye was dry, and the heart of that congregation beat as one man under a terrible affliction.

The several denominations have combined in an effort against Sabbath desecration and King Alcohol. The clergy is short, making the reader wish for more. It is delightfully written, presenting its subject to the mind's eye of those that have, or have not, heard and known the preacher and lecturer, as distinctly as the finely engraved portrait that accompanies it.

Bishop Haven has been with us — the guest of Dr. Rust. He is improving and rapidly regaining his strength. He has been able to undertake the fulfillment of his Conference appointments.

The physicians prescribe absolute rest and freedom from excitement as the conditions of his full recovery. His brain is racked with overwork. He must have release from episcopal duty.

CHARLES HENRY.

## LETTER FROM AN OLD READER.

MR. EDITOR: Communications in the HERALD often wake up lost incidents. One of your articles referred to old Bennet Street, Boston. I was at the "Hub" when Dr. Trafton was stationed in the old Bennet Street hive. I was young then, and was invited to take the pulpit in the morning. The afternoon round me at Father Taylor's Bethel. I had never heard the "commodore" preach, so I got in; and though no one would know me; but I had hardly got seated ere I was hailed by one of those old Penobscot sea captains and asked to take a seat with the "commodore." I begged off.

Robert Brothers have issued the fifth and concluding volume of their beautiful edition of Landon's IMAGINARY CONVERSATIONS. It concludes the Miscellaneous Dialogues, covering an amazing field in variety of persons and nationality — the French Emperor, Pope Leo XII., the King of the Sandwich Islands, King of Ava, Miguel, Buñuel, Talleyrand, the Emperor of China, Louis Philippe, Nicholas Garibaldi, Louis Bonaparte, Po Nono, etc. — a curious and instructive literary melange. The present edition is portable, beautiful and convenient.

We have from the press of Scribner, Armstrong & Co. a valuable addition to our rapidly growing philosophical literature. This volume — a fine octavo in small, but clear type, of 488 pages, with index — is entitled, MODERN PHILOSOPHY FROM DESCARTES TO SCHOPENHAUER AND HARTMANN. By Francis Bowen, A. M. Price \$3. For sale by H. A. Young & Co., Boston. Prof. Bowen has not only given a history of the development of the various schools of philosophical science, with a sketch of the most conspicuous leaders of human thought in this direction, but has given careful and extended criticisms upon them. The critic's own view will naturally give coloring to his criticism, but the professor impresses the reader with his judicial habit of thought and his evident intention fairly to present the theories of the various teachers of psychology. We shall have, hereafter, a

## The Christian World.

## MISSIONARY ITEMS.

(From our Mission Rooms.)

The fourth annual meeting of the Japan mission was held this year in Tokio, July 10-16. Rev. J. C. Davison preached the opening sermon, who was chosen secretary, with Brother Kudo assistant. Seven young men passed the examinations. Six of them were recommended for admission on trial in an Annual Conference, and will be duly presented to one or more of the Conferences accordingly.

A very interesting Conference meeting with the missionary of the Methodist Church of Canada was a feature of the occasion. A uniform hymn-book for these two Methodist bodies seemed desirable, and much effort was made to secure uniformity among them both in the use of theological terms, and ecclesiastical phraseology in the translation of the Ritual.

Home methods are imitated in many or most of these foreign Conferences and annual meetings, and hence the anniversary occasions become seasons of interest there as here. The native preachers catch the spirit of these occasions, and the inspiration of the audiences, and even their enthusiasm, often rises to a high degree. At the Bible anniversary, in this case, the agent of the American Bible Society of China and Japan, Rev. L. Gulick, lent his encouragement to that cause. He spoke through an interpreter. On Sunday, cake and tea were substituted for bread and water at the love-feast. Dr. Macay preached in Japanese, and baptized a child of Brother Davison. The Canada Methodists were represented by Rev. Geo. Cochran, who presided at the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper on Sunday. Two native brethren addressed the Sunday-school in the afternoon, and Rev. S. H. Carroll preached in Japanese at night.

The secretaries of the following Conferences will confer a great favor on the Mission Rooms, 805 Broadway, New York city, if they will furnish them with a copy of their Conference Minutes, to wit: New Mexico, Delaware, Colorado, Montana, Utah, Columbia River, S. California, Oregon, Central German, Iowa, Detroit, Michigan, Cincinnati, Northwest Swedish, E. Ohio, Des Moines, California, Northwest Indiana, Indiana, Southwest German, and all others not mentioned in Japanese at night.

Dr. Nast is once more in America.

## A MOUNTAIN CAMP-MEETING.

BY PROF. E. O. THAYER.

For a few months the columns of our Church papers have been full of reports from modern camp-meetings where beautiful cottages have taken the place of tents, and the worshippers come by railroad and listen to discourses from white-clothed clergymen, and eat their dinners in sumptuous dining-rooms. Perhaps it will be pleasant for the old veterans, who think fondly of gone-days, to hear that old-fashioned Methodism still lives, with its log churches, and circuit-riders with horses and saddle-pockets, and camp-meetings where everybody gets "shouting-happy," and sinners are powerfully converted.

Away off in the northwestern corner of North Carolina, just over the summit of the Blue Ridge, sixty miles from the nearest railroad, snugly nestled in a little gully between the mountain-peaks, is the Antioch camp-ground.

We were riding along a beautiful road over-arched with trees and huge laurels, when a turn in the way brought us suddenly on the camp. On either side of the road instead of tents were rows of large, whit-topped wagons, in which whole families lived, while their coffee and bacon were cooked at bright camp-fires, which, as the darkness of evening came on, lighted up the whole scene with picturesque effect. Within the enclosure is the arbor, a simple roof covered with shingles resembling barrel-slaves, sheltering the log-seats and the rough box where the clergy sit. No lanterns desecrate this simplicity, but at each corner are small platforms, raised on poles on which are built brilliant bonfires of pitch-pine or light-wood. In a circle about the arbor are the "tents," or rather log-huts, where hospitable families "tent out" and feed all who are hungry — friend or stranger.

Considerable fun was made at your correspondent in comparing this whole-souled generosity with the Yankee way of charging for everything. The largest in this circle is the log church, which once was chinked up with mud, but now boasts of thorough ventilation. Inside is the pulpit, modeled after a huge dry-goods box, and decorated as a receptacle for saddlebags, fruit, and blacking-brushes — for some civilized fellow was base enough to bring such an article as the latter. The pews are piled into a corner, and thereon is the ministerial couch arranged. Here eight clerical snores were blended harmoniously, except when disturbed by the mystery of miscreants outside the grounds, or the midnight shouts and yells — for no other word expresses it — of the good people who fancied themselves too highly blessed to touch the earth, and were jumping as far as possible toward heaven.

The effect upon a stranger unused to such scenes is almost indescribable when the camp is all ablaze with the light from the pine fires, and the arbor is filled with a homespun, rough audience of mountaineers. The songs are sung in a minor key with a harsh, na-

sal twang, with an effect anything but melodious. But the sermons are earnest and pointed, and the prayer-meeting at its start is characterized by strong pleading that seems to take hold of the promises by a firm faith. But with a number of mourners stretched upon the ground moaning and shrieking, excitement soon begins to get control. A noisy brother, with lungs of mighty power, leads in prayer; as he proceeds, one voice after another joins in; shrill-voiced sisters begin to jump and shout and clap their hands till the voice of him who prays is lost in the general din. Once fairly started, a scene of this kind often lasts till day-break, when it stops from mere exhaustion of animal force. At this very place an "experience meeting" was begun at nine o'clock in the forenoon, and proceeded without intermission till daybreak of the next morning. This is called, in mountain parlance, a "through," and at its close, if the preacher in charge rightly manages, the people are often ready for real Christian labor among the unconverted.

Such a camp-meeting presents to a skeptical mind an almost disgusting spectacle, but an honestly thoughtful person a theme for interesting study. Excitement seems to be the leading factor both in the revival of Christian experience and in the conviction of sinners; at least, my own observation was, that however powerful and persuasive the preaching, unless there was a certain amount of shouting, jumping and losing of strength, there were few results in the way of conversions. The best method, in general, to test the genuineness of anything, is to observe its fruits.

There is no doubt but that in the membership of our Churches here there is a large percentage of really soundly converted and thoroughly consecrated Christians; yet it is to true that a larger number have little idea of what true piety is, and enjoy religion only at camp-meetings. This is largely the result of the teaching they have had from infancy, and of the "hallelujah-and-heaven" preaching to which they have been accustomed. Increased intelligence in the ministry is working a marked change, and our own Church is doing much toward introducing a pure Gospel.

I started on this camp-meeting tour much prejudiced against our "white work;" and though still opposed to this miserable, trucking policy which the Church has adopted in the vain hope of increasing fraternity by dividing its mission work by a color line, yet my sympathies were aroused for these mountain people, and it really seems that the old mother Church has a work among them, for this reason: Nearly the whole of the mountain people were loyal to the Union, and suffered for the old flag until their conversion. The pastors of Lewiston and Auburn are giving lectures during the fall and winter for the benefit of the reform clubs of the two cities. The temperance cause is prospering on both sides of the river. Two of the reformed men of Auburn have entered the ministry, and another is contemplating a theological course at the Bangor seminary. The practice of hazing has entirely disappeared, prevailing between the higher and lower classes.

A grand temperance rally was held on Bunker's Island, Fairfield, Sunday, September 16th, at which some of the most distinguished speakers in the State were present and participated. A large number signed the pledge.

The September session of the Farmington Free Baptist quarterly meeting was held at Farmington Falls, Sept. 12 and 13. The attendance was large, and the reports from the Churches highly interesting. Eighteen ministers were present, and the occasion was of great spiritual interest.

The Oxford Baptist meet at North Livermore, Sept. 11th. The annual service was preached by Rev. S. D. Richardson, of Hebron. The attendance was good, and the meeting was thought to be one of the best which the association has ever held. Revivals were reported from eleven of the Churches represented. C.

## TEMPERANCE.

## THE PRICE OF BLOOD.

BY REV. H. W. CONANT.

History furnishes few, if any, instances of such remarkable conscientiousness as that evinced by the Jewish high priests in their disposition of the thirty pieces of silver which the apostate Judas returned when he saw that his betrayed Master had been condemned. It is the only evidence left of any regard for God's law. They forgot that God was their King, and cried out, "We have no king but Caesar;" but were not entirely forgetful of the fact that money obtained for wicked purposes was not fit to go into God's treasury.

Their inconsistency has been so apparent as to be a standing monument of shame and derision wherever their history has been known. Though they could suborn witnesses, could even secure the betrayal of, and crucify Jesus, they could not give this money to the treasury of God. It is gratifying to find one light spot in their otherwise unparalleled wickedness. The blood of Jesus they could take upon themselves and children, but they could not take the price of blood and pollute God's treasury!

Let some of our Boston preachers who want to spend a vacation pleasantly at small expense, come down here, get into a saddle, and preach the Gospel at some mountain camp-meetings!

## RELIGIOUS ITEMS.

Rev. Edward Kinsey, of the Baltimore Conference, died at Keyser, September 12th. He was an earnest and beloved minister. He entered the Conference in 1853.

At the late session of the N. W. Indiana Conference a letter was received from Gen. Joseph Orr, of La Porte, inclosing \$5,000 in U. S. bonds for the Indiana Asbury University.

Rev. Dr. F. G. Hibbard, of the Canadian Primitive Methodists, has been subjected to the persecution of a trial for simply saying concerning a liquor-sellers' procession: "The procession is not complete; they ought to have all the poor drunkards' wives and ragged children." Mr. G. was acquitted, and his fellow ministers in Toronto publicly denounce his trial as "a shameful and unprincipled persecution."

*Accessions:* Galva, Ill., 118 received in full, and 32 by letter during the term of pasture just closing; Sunbeam, Ill., 91, 100, 101, 102, 103, 104, 105, 106, 107, 108, 109, 110, 111, 112, 113, 114, 115, 116, 117, 118, 119, 120, 121, 122, 123, 124, 125, 126, 127, 128, 129, 130, 131, 132, 133, 134, 135, 136, 137, 138, 139, 140, 141, 142, 143, 144, 145, 146, 147, 148, 149, 150, 151, 152, 153, 154, 155, 156, 157, 158, 159, 160, 161, 162, 163, 164, 165, 166, 167, 168, 169, 170, 171, 172, 173, 174, 175, 176, 177, 178, 179, 180, 181, 182, 183, 184, 185, 186, 187, 188, 189, 190, 191, 192, 193, 194, 195, 196, 197, 198, 199, 200, 201, 202, 203, 204, 205, 206, 207, 208, 209, 210, 211, 212, 213, 214, 215, 216, 217, 218, 219, 220, 221, 222, 223, 224, 225, 226, 227, 228, 229, 230, 231, 232, 233, 234, 235, 236, 237, 238, 239, 240, 241, 242, 243, 244, 245, 246, 247, 248, 249, 250, 251, 252, 253, 254, 255, 256, 257, 258, 259, 260, 261, 262, 263, 264, 265, 266, 267, 268, 269, 270, 271, 272, 273, 274, 275, 276, 277, 278, 279, 280, 281, 282, 283, 284, 285, 286, 287, 288, 289, 290, 291, 292, 293, 294, 295, 296, 297, 298, 299, 300, 301, 302, 303, 304, 305, 306, 307, 308, 309, 310, 311, 312, 313, 314, 315, 316, 317, 318, 319, 320, 321, 322, 323, 324, 325, 326, 327, 328, 329, 330, 331, 332, 333, 334, 335, 336, 337, 338, 339, 340, 341, 342, 343, 344, 345, 346, 347, 348, 349, 350, 351, 352, 353, 354, 355, 356, 357, 358, 359, 360, 361, 362, 363, 364, 365, 366, 367, 368, 369, 370, 371, 372, 373, 374, 375, 376, 377, 378, 379, 380, 381, 382, 383, 384, 385, 386, 387, 388, 389, 390, 391, 392, 393, 394, 395, 396, 397, 398, 399, 400, 401, 402, 403, 404, 405, 406, 407, 408, 409, 410, 411, 412, 413, 414, 415, 416, 417, 418, 419, 420, 421, 422, 423, 424, 425, 426, 427, 428, 429, 430, 431, 432, 433, 434, 435, 436, 437, 438, 439, 440, 441, 442, 443, 444, 445, 446, 447, 448, 449, 450, 451, 452, 453, 454, 455, 456, 457, 458, 459, 460, 461, 462, 463, 464, 465, 466, 467, 468, 469, 470, 471, 472, 473, 474, 475, 476, 477, 478, 479, 480, 481, 482, 483, 484, 485, 486, 487, 488, 489, 490, 491, 492, 493, 494, 495, 496, 497, 498, 499, 500, 501, 502, 503, 504, 505, 506, 507, 508, 509, 510, 511, 512, 513, 514, 515, 516, 517, 518, 519, 520, 521, 522, 523, 524, 525, 526, 527, 528, 529, 530, 531, 532, 533, 534, 535, 536, 537, 538, 539, 540, 541, 542, 543, 544, 545, 546, 547, 548, 549, 550, 551, 552, 553, 554, 555, 556, 557, 558, 559, 560, 561, 562, 563, 564, 565, 566, 567, 568, 569, 570, 571, 572, 573, 574, 575, 576, 577, 578, 579, 580, 581, 582, 583, 584, 585, 586, 587, 588, 589, 590, 591, 592, 593, 594, 595, 596, 597, 598, 599, 600, 601, 602, 603, 604, 605, 606, 607, 608, 609, 610, 611, 612, 613, 614, 615, 616, 617, 618, 619, 620, 621, 622, 623, 624, 625, 626, 627, 628, 629, 630, 631, 632, 633, 634, 635, 636, 637, 638, 639, 640, 641, 642, 643, 644, 645, 646, 647, 648, 649, 650, 651, 652, 653, 654, 655, 656, 657, 658, 659, 660, 661, 662, 663, 664, 665, 666, 667, 668, 669, 670, 671, 672, 673, 674, 675, 676, 677, 678, 679, 680, 681, 682, 683, 684, 685, 686, 687, 688, 689, 690, 691, 692, 693, 694, 695, 696, 697, 698, 699, 700, 701, 702, 703, 704, 705, 706, 707, 708, 709, 710, 711, 712, 713, 714, 715, 716, 717, 718, 719, 720, 721, 722, 723, 724, 725, 726, 727, 728, 729, 730, 731, 732, 733, 734, 735, 736, 737, 738, 739, 740, 741, 742, 743, 744, 745, 746, 747, 748, 749, 750, 751, 752, 753, 754, 755, 756, 757, 758, 759, 759, 760, 761, 762, 763, 764, 765, 766, 767, 768, 769, 770, 771, 772, 773, 774, 775, 776, 777, 778, 779, 779, 780, 781, 782, 783, 784, 785, 786, 787, 788, 789, 789, 790, 791, 792, 793, 794, 795, 796, 797, 798, 799, 799, 800, 801, 802, 803, 804, 805, 806, 807, 808, 809, 809, 810, 811, 812, 813, 814, 815, 816, 817, 818, 819, 819, 820, 821, 822, 823, 824, 825, 826, 827, 828, 829, 829, 830, 831, 832, 833, 834, 835, 836, 837, 838, 839, 839, 840, 841, 842, 843, 844, 845, 846, 847, 848, 849, 849, 850, 851, 852, 853, 854, 855, 856, 857, 858, 859, 859, 860, 861, 862, 863, 864, 865, 866, 867, 868, 869, 869, 870, 871, 872, 873, 874, 875, 876, 877, 878, 879, 879, 880, 881, 882, 883, 884, 885, 886, 887, 887, 888, 889, 889, 890, 891, 892, 893, 894, 895, 896, 897, 898, 899, 899, 900, 901, 902, 903, 904, 905, 906, 907, 908, 909, 909, 910, 911, 912, 913, 914, 915, 916, 91

# ZION'S HERALD.

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 11, 1877.

## FIFTEEN MONTHS

For Only \$2.50, and 20 cts. additional for Postage.

New subscribers, who will forward their names BETWEEN THIS AND OCTOBER 31ST, shall have the paper the

## REMAINDER OF THE YEAR FREE!

And on the payment of their subscription it will be dated January 1, 1878.

This offer is made with the expectation of adding to our list a large number of NEW NAMES.

We wish most earnestly to appeal to every Methodist minister to make this offer known to his people AT ONCE.

Do not, brethren, allow the matter to be delayed.

There is not, probably, a Church in New England where there could not be obtained many new subscribers by a little special effort.

Also, bear in mind that the interests of the paper are largely in your hands. We send out no special agents, and IF YOU FAIL TO GIVE IT YOUR ATTENTION, it is entirely neglected.

Be kind enough to announce our offer to your congregations WITHOUT DELAY.

Also, make arrangements for canvassing the Church and Society. If it is not possible for you to give it your personal attention, select some suitable person to do so.

Lists of subscribers will be forwarded very soon to each preacher in charge; and, in the mean time, we hope arrangements will be made for a thorough canvass of every Church and Society.

It often happens, in sending our lists, that the names of some subscribers are omitted. This is occasioned by there being more than one post-office on a charge. If the subscriber's post-office address is not the same as the minister's, of course we have no way of knowing that they are members of his parish. When names are omitted, please inform us, and they will be forwarded at once.

By the present postage law, publishers are obliged to collect postage. Subscribers are relieved of the trouble of paying postage at the office where the paper is delivered, as formerly, but it is to be sent to the publisher in advance.

We sincerely hope that every preacher will call the attention of his people to this subject, and urge upon those who do not take Zion's Herald the importance of doing so.

And let every reader of this paper recommend it to his neighbor who may not be a subscriber.

Persons wishing to subscribe, and not finding it convenient to pay now, can forward their names immediately (that they may have the full benefit of our offer), and send the money between this and January 1st.

A. S. WEED, Publisher,

36 Bromfield St., Boston.

The design of the Gospel is not only to save you, but to make you the means of saving other people. The Lord Jesus is not here to speak to men personally, but He speaks through His saints. If sinners could once look into heaven, they would, no doubt, be attracted towards it; but in default of this, Jesus lets down to them samples of that holiness in the form of the lives of His people. The world will judge of Him and of His grace by these examples. If they be marred and defective, bearing more visible traces of the earthly than of the heavenly, men will come to entertain no good opinion of the kingdom or its Lord. As a living example of Divine grace, you are to be like your Lord, and thus prepared to exhibit the attractiveness of His kingdom to all beholders. The samples of the merchant are liable, by reason of use, to become dingy and shop-worn, and by consequence depreciated in value. The Christian is exposed to a

similar danger. Constantly on exhibition in a dusty world, watchfulness is requisite to keep his life bright and fresh and new, to retain the colors of his primal experience, and to hold him free from the taint and dust of this mundane sphere. You not only need grace to be saved, but grace to exhibit to the world. Your life must needs be exhibited, but you are to eschew any personal exhibition of it.

There is no occasion, however, for a religious experience to become dim or dusty amid worldly cares and the toil of an active life. One of the former members of Bromfield Street Church, who died in the faith of the Gospel some years since, had, in the early period of his experience, a dream which he was accustomed to relate. He thought, in his sleep, a remarkable suit of clothing had been given to him, which he was assured would grow handsomer and richer the longer he wore it; and, as long spaces of time glide easily by in one's dreams, he thought he had opportunity to test the truth of the promise. In love-feasts afterwards he was accustomed to relate this dream, and to say that the suit had, indeed, been given him, when he was converted to God. It had grown richer and more fair every year of his life since. His friends were all ready to bear witness to the truth of this; and the robe of Christ's righteousness, in which he was wrapped, never seemed fairer or shone with a brighter lustre than in the hours just before he ascended into the skies. This is a sail worth having. It is the seamless robe of the Lord, with which all may be clothed without money and without price.

In religious worship we admire simplicity, but not stillness. In moments of high excitement, they often appear but never coalesce. A clear line of demarcation separates them. The difference is that between a strong and weak nature. The one bows in awe before the greatness, the majesty of the Lord, with closed lip; the other comes with childish weakness and softness to prostate as to a vain human being rather than to pay his vows to the Almighty Maker. In your devotions, study to be simple, but avoid stillness. Be a child, not a fool, before the Lord. Religion, as well as business and society, requires proprieties. The Gospel does not dispense with sense even in devotion. A little folly spoils many a prayer.

As a minister of a glorious Gospel, you are morally bound to carry into your work a spirit of hopefulness, of courage, of sunlight and joy. The kingdom you preach is a kingdom of light. Christ has no need of your sombre views. A disheartened minister, standing to proclaim to the people, in place of Christ's glorious Gospel, his own despondent musings, is a spectacle to men and angels. The darkness is all in you, and in so far as you preach that, you are preaching yourself and not the message given you by the Lord Jesus.

In a dark world you are sent to hold up the illuminated side of the divine economy. You are to show men God as revealed in Christ. The darkness they already know; you are to turn upon it the ardent burner of Gospel truth.

In the inspiring and commanding moments of life you are not likely to decline in the service of God. You have too much to help you. All the winds are favorable to bear your barque onward to the port. But in the Christian voyage there are regions of calm also, where every aid seems to be withdrawn, and you are left helpless in mid-ocean. Not a canvas moves; not a sail heaves in sight; not a sound for days and days breaks the oppressive monotony. This tries the stuff of which sailors are made. The storm has a sort of inspiration, and tends to rouse the courage of the mariner; but to be becalmed is to smother all noble sentiment and high endeavor. You survive them only by aid of the resources in yourself.

If you intend to do anything in this world you must have faith in God and yourself. To doubt is to be damned; to believe is to open the highest possibilities of salvation. To doubt God is to put yourself outside of the primal sources of help; to distrust yourself is to dispose of the agency by which God works. These two forces are designed to be joined, and in this union become effectual in doing the world's work. The more perfect the union, the more complete the success of the undertaking. While God comes down into the weakness of human agency, that weakness, by the union, takes on something of the divine Almightiness.

In order to see the work of God revive, begin to do something yourself. Speak to the man or woman next to you. Devote yourself anew to God. Pray more in secret and in your family. Hold on in this way, and in due time you will see others moving in the same direction, and the work of God will break out in you before you are aware of it.

HIS CHURCH, NOT OURS.

In a very vigorous and plausible paper, opening the October number of the *Catholic World*, entitled the "Outlook in Italy," the writer very frankly admits the present unpromising condition of the Roman Church, not simply in Italy, but among all the Latin races of Europe. The paper looks, indeed, upon the desire of unity among the Italians as a legitimate and proper demand, but not such a form of unity as has now been organized — only a unity in a common religious faith, which should also embrace all Christendom; as in the former golden political age, when although divided in governments, she was one "universal Catholic republic." The writer wonders that these Latin peoples have broken away from their natural and divine order, and starts the suggestive inquiry whether God, hav-

ing used them thus far, as He did the Jewish nation, as the depository of His truth and as the apostles of His grace, is now, on account of their unfaithfulness, about to cast them aside and choose another people. He does not exactly intimate that the divine Providence significantly points towards the Western Republic as the possible scene of the new dispensation of Catholicity, but he does ask the question, "What better test and proof of the Catholic Church's sanction of the entire natural order (of human development) can be asked than her unexampled prosperity in the American Republic of the United States?" But the writer believes that there will be no ultimate retrogression of the Roman Church even in Europe, or among the Latin nations. They may be called to pass through a fearful catastrophe and be baptized with blood and fire, but ultimately the kingdom of God, which, in his estimation, is the Roman Catholic Church, will conquer and prevail. The foundation of this inspiring faith is significant. It is no less than the assurance of the divine Master himself, as he quotes it from the Vulgate, "He declared to His apostle Peter, 'I will build My Church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it.'"

In the beautiful city of Geneva lies before me. The lovely lake, with its dark blue waters, and the rushing Rhone are at her feet, and the encircling mountains stand about her, like the mountains round about Jerusalem. Above them all towers thy head, "O sovereign Blanc!" That head is forever hoary with snow, and is "a crown of glory." At no place, not even at Chamounix, is the giant of these hills seen so well from my window, and a week of perfect weather has kept him in view, seemingly only an hour's walk, but in reality fifty miles away.

I closed my last letter at Interlaken, in the heart of Switzerland. Now I am through, and to-morrow start for Paris, and leave the republic of the mountains behind me, perhaps forever.

From Interlaken we moved to Berne, where the bears are as prominent as is the lion in England. This is a quaint old town, a curiosity to visit, but for a residence it would be to me akin to a dungeon. Next comes Freyburg, with its romantic situation, and its wonderful suspension bridges, rivaling that of Niagara. We heard its renowned organ, with its peculiar tones, and supposed it was the most wonderful till a lady at our side, from Philadelphia, said it did not equal the Boston organ, and then we concluded our entrance fee of a franc each was wasted, as we hope to hear the Boston organ many times before we die.

As we move on, a bend in the railroad gives us the first view of Lake Geneva, and it is a view never to be forgotten, as it stretches before us in every direction, dark in color, but a perfect mirror beneath the brilliant sunlight.

At Lausanne, from Hotel Gibbon, at the summit of the hill, we scanned the lake, the boats, the hills, the encircling clouds, and then sailed by way of Vevey, said to be the healthiest, as well as one of the most beautiful towns in the world, on to Chillon, the prison of Bonnivard. We tarry for a night at the gorge of Trient, where the rushing river dashes between the perpendicular rocks which tower to dizzy heights on either side, and almost touch each other at the top. At Martigny we halt between three opinions. One is the Simplon pass to Italy; the second is St. Bernard, with its humane and almost human dogs; and the third is the Tete Noir and Chamounix. The last prevails, and we jolt and groan all day, with mountain peaks around us, till we reach the little town with hardly any buildings except hotels. We are tired, and sleep, oblivious of all surroundings till morning. Then a new scene presents itself. That little group are bound for the top of Mt. Blanc, and we call them fool-hardy. This long procession of mules is for men, women and children to climb to the Mer de Glace and see the frozen river. That other company are bound for the Flagef, that they may overlook the nearer mountains and get a full view of Mt. Blanc. These English ladies — not American — did the Mer de Glace foot yesterday, and are starting for the Flagef to-day, and propose to cross the Tete Noir on foot to-morrow. It is a waste of energy, and seems useless, but they came here to do these things, and sometimes go back to England to walk no more.

We order mules, and climb the steep zigzag for three mortal hours, and look upon a frozen, broken, winding river, which has its head among the mountain peaks and its foot in the valley.

We cross and recross it, and then march down again. The ladies are heroic on mule-back, and do it well.

From out these curious formations streams issue, and these are the sources of the great rivers of Europe. Thus

"the Arve and the Arveiron rear ceaseless" at the foot of sovereign Blanc, but soon the Arve absorbs the Arveiron, and here at Geneva the Rhone swallows up the Arve, with all its mountain debris. This little river is white, and the Rhone is dark blue. They strike each other at a sharp angle, and then keep on their course perfectly distinct; but the Rhone is the mightier of the two, and crowds the weaker towards its bank, and after a mile or two the white line dwindles to a point, and is seen no more. How many persons meet in this world in a similar way, and the stronger overpowers the weaker and assumes the control! Happy is it if that stronger is the purer, as is the case with the overpowering Rhone!

One Sunday we spent in hearing Père Hyacinthe in the morning, and afterwards a sermon in the American chapel. In the interim we enter the cathedral and view the place where John Calvin used to shake popery and promulgate his fatalistic doctrines.

Père Hyacinthe preached in French, which was, no doubt, of the purest, but perfectly unintelligible to us. His manner is earnest, his voice impressive, and he is evidently a good and a noble man. He has a small hall up two flights of stairs, and a changing congregation. As a reformer, he does not succeed. He is neither Catholic nor Protestant, and gets but few earnest followers. Could he see his way clear to leave Rome, he might do more for his generation. As it is, he seems disappointed, and his influence in this Protestant city is not mighty. He has

his place, from a people that have left their first love, and take away their crown of glory from their heads, as we learn in His messages by John to the Churches. We may not safely rely upon His past favors or the monuments that surround us of His benedictions upon our fathers. We must be "watchful and strengthen the things which remain, that are ready to die," so that He may set before us an open door which no man can shut.

## LETTER FROM SWITZERLAND.

The beautiful city of Geneva lies before me. The lovely lake, with its dark blue waters, and the rushing Rhone are at her feet, and the encircling mountains stand about her, like the mountains round about Jerusalem. Above them all towers thy head, "O sovereign Blanc!" That head is forever hoary with snow, and is "a crown of glory."

At little of the power of Luther, or Calvin, or Knox, or Wesley, and will not make his name immortal.

It is surprising how cheaply one can live here. We are at the new National Hotel just out of the city, on the lake.

Everything is of the first-class, and it is homelike to be among so many American families who are spending months here.

Arrangements for a week or

more enable one to live here from \$1.60

to \$2.00 per day, and during the winter for less.

In Paris and America it is double this, and cannot be better. For situation, for comfort, and for society, let Americans choose this hotel and remain as long as is practicable, after the fatigues of journeying. A sojourn of a few weeks will live in memory forever.

J. B. GOULD.  
Geneva, Sept. 17, 1877.

## FINAL SAFETY.

In that "great little book," as it has been called, of Thomas à Kempis, the treatise *De Imitacione Christi*, is a passage which has been supposed to be an allusion to himself, and which, though very simple, is very significant.

"When one," he says, "who was in anxiety of mind, often wavering between hope and fear, did once, being oppressed with grief, humbly prostrate himself in a church, before an altar, in prayer, and said within himself, 'Oh, if I knew that I should yet persevere,'

"—he presently heard within him an answer from God, which said, 'What

if thou dids know it, what wouldst thou do? Do now what thou wouldst do then, and thou shalt be secure.'

And being therewith comforted and strengthened, he committed himself wholly to the will of God and that noisome anxiety ceased. Neither had he any mind to search curiously any further to know what should befall him; but rather labored to understand what was the perfect and acceptable will of God, for the beginning and accomplishment of every good work."

There is a precious, a very consolatory bit of experimental theology, in this personal testimony of the sainted monk of Mount St. Agnes, sent down to us through many a thousand years. It would be well uttered in any Methodist love-fest of our own day.

It would seem that there could be no more complete blessedness on earth than an absolute, an unquestionable assurance of one's final salvation. To know for a certainty that we shall finally enter heaven and forever and ever exult in its felicity — what would we not give, what not do, for such an inexpressible blessedness?

How light would our heaviest trials become under such an assurance! How easy our severest duties of self-denial and labor!

If this assurance were communicated to us, in some incontestable manner, say by a voice from heaven as at the baptism of Christ, or by a visioned angel as in the annunciation to the Virgin, would not the happy consciousness thrill the heart to its inmost fibres?

Could we ever, afterward, be the same

if this assurance were communicated to us, in some incontestable manner, say by a voice from heaven as at the baptism of Christ, or by a visioned angel as in the annunciation to the Virgin, would not the happy consciousness thrill the heart to its inmost fibres?

Would we not, like Paul, eagerly desire death itself that we might enter into our certain and ineffable bliss?

Yes, assuredly, child of God, there is no affliction which may be now boding thee to the dust, which may be about to bow thee down into the grave, that would not be an insuperable revulsion to make it certain to thee that thou shalt, unfailingly, march through the "everlasting gates" and tread the golden streets forever, crowned and triumphant!

Preacher of the Word, how wouldst thou preach, if certain of this divine and infallible election? Thou wouldst become an apostle, shaking the very gates of hell! What would excess of labor, what would failing health, what would beggarly salary be to thee? Thou wouldst tread down the world beneath thy feet; thou wouldst covet martyrdom; thou wouldst know no higher ambition than that of Paul — to finish thy course, and to mount, were it even in the flames at the stake, thy certain rest.

Suffering one, languishing on a bed of sickness, through weary days and watchful nights, and appointed thereto, as your ministry for the Master, in less

than a week, to stand by the bedside of

thy patient, and to minister to his

spiritual welfare, and to comfort him

in his trials, and to encourage him

in his labors, and to assist him

in his trials, and to assist him

in



## THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Fourth Quarter.

Sunday, October 21.

Lesson III. Acts xii, 17-30.

By REV. W. E. HUNTINGTON.

## PAUL AND THE BIGOTED JEWS.

Paul's defense was his own experience. The Christian faith was to him no "cunningly devised fable." The most vivid thing in the whole range of his thought was the effect of conversion upon his own life. He was now permitted to address the Jewish mob, that had hurled itself upon him. What should he say to those hot-headed, blood-thirsty assassins? Could he argue with them? Reasoning would accomplish nothing with an unreasoning rabble. The only thing that would hold their attention at all was just the story that the captive apostle gave them—the story of his own conversion. Paul often fell back upon this line of address, especially when brought face to face with violent opposition. It did not always avail in convincing his hearers of the truth, but it was the most effective argument he could use in the defense of the faith. So it is always; experience is the best argument in pleading with the sinful. This is an unimpeachable testimony. No one can be a thorough and effective teacher of spiritual truth until he speaks out of the depths of a personal, vital experience. We are not to be disengaged, or disbelieve in the power of personal testimony, because our words seem unavailing. Paul did his duty in uttering those clear, many confessions; and although the mob hissed back their scorn, and would have torn him in pieces, his witnessing to the truth was none the less grand and true.

*When I was come again to Jerusalem.* This was Paul's first journey to Jerusalem after his conversion, in the year A. D. 39.

*While I prayed in the temple, I was in a trance.* This is the only account given of that vision. It happened while he was worshipping in the temple, and was given to him as one of those clear, spiritual illuminations by which his duty became plain before him. This ecstasy is not to be confounded with other visions which he had of a similar nature. The intent of this one, however, makes it distinct from all others.

*Saw Him, saying unto me, Make haste.* The vision of his Lord was distinct. The Master who had appeared to him in the blinding light at Damascus, was no less really before him in the temple, and with the same authoritative voice, roused him to his danger.

*Get thee quickly out of Jerusalem, etc.* Paul had gone to Jerusalem expecting to remain, and become acquainted with the brethren there. But the Lord had other plans for him. So God deals with us frequently by His providential interferences, cutting short our purposes, and leading us out into new fields, saving us from ineffectiveness and disaster oftentimes.

*For they will not receive thy testimony.* The superior wisdom of the Lord reversed the judgment of Paul, who had come to Jerusalem thinking that here, where he had been well known as a persecutor, his testimony for Jesus would be received.

*Lord, they know that I imprisoned and beat, etc.* There was this black record of his past life written upon the memory of all who had known him. He wanted to have that past obliterated. He longed to make a new record in Jerusalem as an apostle and witness for the Saviour whom he had fought against. He pours out this confession of his past sinfulness, pleading with his Lord that he might remain in the city and in some measure undo the wrongs that he had committed.

*When the blood of thy martyr Stephen was shed, etc.* This sad tragedy also occurred to him as a bitter memory; at which he was a consenting witness.

By a law of our spiritual nature, there springs up in the forziven heart a desire, which amounts sometimes to a holy passion, to do something to stone for the wrongdoing of the past. All that sin of persecution, of which Paul had been guilty, was forgiven. And yet the new Paul wanted to bear brave witness before his old confederates, that he hated his sin and loved the cause which he had trampled upon.

*Depart, for I will send thee far hence.* The atonement of Christ needs no supplementing by human sacrifices or works of penance. Paul would have been no more truly a forgiven man, even if he had carried out his own plan and stayed in Jerusalem at that time of which he speaks. To do God's will, is the whole duty of the redeemed. Where we serve, and what may be the circumstances of our service, have little to do with the question of our acceptability. Paul wished to be a witness in Jerusalem; his Lord wanted him in a larger field. His work was, not to make fruitless endeavors among the Jews to annual his own reputation as a persecutor, by establishing a reputation for fervent apostleship, but to carry truth and salvation to the Gentiles.

*They gave him audience.* The mob listened to this recital of his own experience, but with hatred and contempt scarcely suppressed.

*Away with such a fellow!* Their hardened hearts were not touched in the slightest degree. That former judgment of the Lord which Paul had just quoted in his address, "They will not receive thy testimony," was as true now as then, and their shout of murder demonstrated its truth.

*They cast off their clothes and threw*

*dust in the air—a violent method of showing their disgust at Paul and his sentiments.*

*Not flinging off their garments as preparing to stone him; but shaking their garments as shaking off the dust (Alford).*

*He should be examined by scourging.* The chief captain was not satisfied as to the reason for such violence on the part of the mob, and therefore commanded Paul to the torture of the lash, thinking to extract some confession of outlawry from the innocent man.

*Is it lawful for you to scourge a man that is a Roman?* The outrage against which Paul cried out in the name of his Roman citizenship was probably the binding connected with the scourging to which the commander had ordered him to be subjected. "That was an indignity which was not to come near the person of a Roman, even after condemnation; the infliction of it on the part of a judge or magistrate exposed him to the severest penalty."

*Take heed what thou doest*—said by the centurion (commander over one hundred men) to the chief captain. If Paul was really a Roman citizen, he thought this illegal treatment better be at once stopped.

*Paul was not a Roman citizen because he was of Tarsus; for (1) that city had no such privilege, but was only *urbis liberta*, not *civitatis* nor *status civitatis*; and (2) the man had been in the mention of his being a man of Tarsus would have of itself, prevented his being scourged. It remains, therefore, that his father or some ancestor must have obtained the *civitas*, either as a reward for service or by purchase (Alford).*

*Tell me, art thou a Roman?* The question seems to be put by the chief captain, not as though doubting the fact, but for the sake of knowing more fully from the prisoner's own lips how he became a citizen.

*With a great sum obtained I this freedom.* Citizenship was purchasable with money; under some emperors the price was enormous.

*A few years earlier than this, in the reign of Claudius, the rights of Roman citizenship were sold by Messalina and the freedmen, with shameless indifference, to any purchaser, and it was commonly said that the Roman *civitas* might be purchased for two cracked drinking cups (Hackett).*

*But I was free-born.* He had received his citizenship by a far better title than the officer—by birthright.

*Straightway they departed, etc.* All proceedings which would have been carried out for his examination and trial, had he been an alien, were stayed.

*The chief captain also was afraid.* He was an officer under the Roman power, and held his place only by virtue of being faithful executioner of imperial law. His place would be forfeited if he should knowingly transcend the limits of law. If Romans were so scrupulous in obeying the Roman law, how much more ought Christians to reverence the will of God, and honor, by obedience, the majesty of the law of the kingdom of heaven.

*The new educational year is before you,* as a fresh and clean sheet of paper. The characters you write on it will be imperishable, and will, most probably, determine the style of successive pages in your life record. See to it, that these characters are such as will not put you to shame hereafter. —Abridged from the *Southern Christian Advocate*.

advance of a profane, or sensual, or reckless young man. I hope very many of you can truthfully say, to the first invitation from man or woman to touch a card, "I do not know one card from another, and I intend never to learn."

*Have on hand the ready and unyielding NO, for any invitation to go to the bar-room, or to let the bar-room come to you.*

*Never smile at any jest which*

*you would not be willing to repeat to your sister.*

*KEEP THYSELF PURE.*

*Look out for the truthful, ingenuous,*

*unscrupulous young man,*

*and "grapple him to thy soul with books of steel;" thus forming friendships to brighten your young and your maturer life.*

*Take especial care of all the money entrusted to you.*

*Perhaps every dollar is the fruit of a parent's personal toil.*

*Certainly, every dollar is a token*

*of proof of a parent's love.*

*Be honest,*

*to a postage stamp.*

*Never go in debt without a positive warrant from your parents.*

*Be true to your highest convictions of duty.*

*Never be ashamed to be known as belonging to a Christian age, and a Christian family.*

*Never blush when accused of reverencing the God of your parents.*

*Be ashamed not to pray to Him.*

*Keep His written message on your study table.*

*Let no day pass without thoughtful communion with it.*

*Keep Your Sabbath,*

*if possible, up to the level of those at home.*

*Answer every church-bell*

*(when you are in church)*

*or the breakfast bell.*

*Are you a Church member the last day you spend at home?*

*Be a Church-member*

*and introduce yourself as*

*such, to pastor and congregation, in your new home.*

*When the communion-table is first spread there, go humbly*

*and thankfully to your place.*

*If your fellow-students have a weekly meeting for prayer, praise, or Christian conference, be in your place regularly, with your appropriate contribution, whether silent attention, a song, a word of brotherly exhortation, or an humble prayer.*

*Keep unbroken the free connection with home.*

*Write to your parents regularly,*

*fully, and affectionately.*

*You cannot know the*

*necessary anxieties of a parent's heart,*

*Do not add to them the unnecessary*

*and terrible suspicion.*

*My child is forgetting me!*

*The new educational year is before you,*

*as a fresh and clean sheet of paper.*

*The characters you write on it will be*

*skillfully arranged that it was not farcical,*

*and the homeward race—*

*in which our span distanced all competitors—*

*sufficiently lively to add a touch of*

*pleasing excitement to a day of placid*

*intellectual and physical enjoyment.*

*The closing stanzas of Prof. Lowell's poem may fitly terminate this communication:*

"They met the foe.—We will not say

All that was done, of deadly fray;

How forward, now, back they sway,

Till night settled late.

But by the first strong stand here made

Burgoyne's long summer-march was stayed,

And many an anxious one took breath,

Who watched the turn, for life or death,

In the young country's fate.

"Here, once for all, his march was crossed;

He tried again, again he lost;

And ere the season, growing old,

Knew summer out of date,

And hung the wood—with red and gold,

Burgoyne's short story has been told;

But she never faltered, till she

Reached the summit; then stood still,

And with childhood's joyous laughter,

Shouted, "I am up the hill!"

"Backward through the misty shadows

Of the years that since have flown,

Comes that echo to my fancy

Like some long forgotten tone.

I can almost feel the bounding

Of that baby heart again,

As the world lay stretched before me

In that long ago. Since then

I have climbed another hillside,

And am toiling upward still,

And the evening shades as ever

Find me climbing up the hill.

But this hill seems so much longer,

And the way sometimes so steep,

That 'tis hard to keep; the pathway,

And to shun its pitfalls deep.

Then the briars on life's journey,

Harde to throuse aside,

And most all that early courage,

With that fresh young hope has died.

Many of the dearly loved ones

Nore are lying cold and still,

And have left me sad and lonely,

Slowly climbing up the hill.

But the summit of life's mountain

Must be very near to me,

And I know when I have finishe

d all my climbing, I shall see

That if oftimes I have labored

When I fail stand stop and rest,

It has made that rest sweet and sweeter—

For the Father knoweth best—

And perhaps are long—who knoweth?

I may cry out with a thrill,

Of that same old joyous rapture,



## Business Notes.

## SARATOGA SPRINGS, N. Y.

**Drs. Strong's Remedial Institute.**  
Open all the year, is the headquarters of the Christian and literary elite, seeking health and pleasure. For full particulars send for descriptive circular.

22

**How to get Pike's Centennial Salt Rheum Salve.** and pay no work. Get orders for four or five (25 cent) boxes. Send **ONE DOLLAR**, and we will send by return mail six boxes of the salve. Please say "Send me six boxes of the salve." J. J. PINE, & CO., Chelsea, Mass. 224

**Dr. J. J. Caldwell,** Baltimore, states: "I have used Golden's Liquid Extract of Beef and Tongue Tonic largely in debility, debilitated, and nervous diseases, and have found one of the best reliable of nostrums now in use or to be found in pharmacy. WEEKS & POTTER, Agents."

226

**A few trials of Ridge's Food will prove** its wonderful power in building up the system however debilitated. WOOLRICH & CO., on every street.

227

**FOR DYSPEPSIA, WEAKNESS AND DEBILITY.**

Epsom, N. H., May 3, 1870.

Dear Sir—Having received great benefit from the use of PERUVIAN SYRUP, I am willing to add my testimony to the thousands of others constantly seeking its use. During the late war I was in the army, and had the misfortune to be taken prisoner, and was confined in Salisbury and other Southern prisons several months, and became so much reduced in health and strength as to be a mere skeleton of my former self. On being released, I was a fit subject for a Northern hospital, where I remained some two months and then came home. My physician recommended and procured for me several bottles of PERUVIAN SYRUP, which I continued to use for several weeks, and found my health restored and my weight increased from ninety pounds to one hundred and fifty, my usual weight, and I have been in my usual good health ever since; and can cheerfully recommend it in cases of weakness and debility of the system, whether arising from an impure state of the blood, dyspepsia, or almost any other cause, believing it will in most cases give entire satisfaction. Yours truly,

Geo S. BIXBY.

Sold by dealers generally.

In spite of the fact that money is becoming everywhere more plenty, the demand is still *absolute* for low prices. Those desiring standard goods at bottom prices should visit Messrs. J. H. Pray, Sons & Co. They are now selling English and American Brussels at \$1.25 to \$1.40, former price \$2; a large variety of standard tapestry carpets at \$1; ex-supers of the best makes in the country at 90 cents, and everything else in proportion.

The Henry F. Miller

PIANO-FORTES.

ESTABLISHED 1863.

Variety of Styles Manufactured...  
A New Invention --- The Centennial Exhibit --- Reputation  
Gained---Caution, Etc.

Prominent among the world-renowned piano-fortes may be mentioned those manufactured by Henry F. Miller, Boston, Mass. After a long experience in the



FIGURE 1.

Manufacturer of piano-fortes in connection with other firms, Mr. Miller established his own present flourishing business in 1863, since which time he has had remarkable success. His pianos have become known in all sections of the country, and the amount of business done ranks with the largest.

## The Varieties of Styles of Pianos

manufactured by this establishment numbers more than a dozen. The square pianos are of three different sizes, and the various styles and sizes are adapted to meet the demands of correct taste in all sections of the country, and to furnish rooms, from the

smallest sizes to the large, elegant drawing-rooms of the city.

The uprights are also of two different sizes, and may be found in elegant cases. The popularity of this class of piano-fortes varies in different sections of the country; but assurance is given that the up-right manufactured by this establishment will prove thoroughly reliable and durable.

Within a few years the concert grand piano has been added to the list, and Mr. Miller is making a specialty of constructing these instruments, regardless of cost, in order to supply the demand for the finest and best instruments of the world; and although the high cost of this style necessarily somewhat limits the demand, yet they have met with a ready sale, and

their superior merits have at once brought them prominently before the musical public.

All of the Henry F. Miller piano-fortes, from the lowest price to the highest, are manufactured from the very best materials, and the workmanship throughout is of the highest grade of excellence.

## A New Invention of this Establishment.

The patent pedal upright piano-forte supplies a demand long felt by organ-students. It consists of the attachment of pedals for organ practice to the upright piano-forte in the manner as shown in the cuts. Figure 1 represents the piano with pedals ready for use. The pedals are similar to those used on the church organs of the

most celebrated builders, and give universal satisfaction to all interested in pedal practice. Practice on a pedal piano-forte is highly recommended by nearly every organist of note, and it may be regarded as indispensable to those who wish to excel in organ-playing. The pedal board folds up, and the piano with pedals closed, when not in use, is represented by figure 2. A cordial invitation is extended to every one interested to call and make a personal examination of this important invention. Its many advantages can almost be seen at a glance; yet there are some mechanical adjustments connected with the piano which can best be appreciated by a personal examination. This was the only new invention which received a special award at the Centennial Exhibition in addition to the award for other pianos.

The Centennial Exhibit of the Henry F. Miller Pianos was remarked by every visitor interested in the piano-forte department. The picture will recall it to memory. It is with pride that the manufacturer appeals to every visitor to the exhibition to remember that his exhibit was always open to the inspection of not only the musical public, the mechanics from near and far, but also his competitors; every one having free access to his space, the manufacturer feeling assured that an inspection of his instruments by every one could only add to the world-wide renown of the superiority of his production. It is a well-known fact that visitors were not allowed to inspect the productions of many other piano manufacturers claiming emi-

nence, as all will remember the cords and gates which barred the general public from entering the space of many.

The Reputation Gained by the Henry F. Miller pianos is an enviable one. Out of more than forty exhibitors at the World's Exhibition of 1876, only two establishments received a double award, and this is the only one which was decreed two awards on its single exhibit. The pretentious claims of many other piano-forte exhibitors, advertising the highest award, and the haste with which they circulated their well-written telegraphic despatches before even it was supposed any honest exhibitor had any means of knowing what his award was, is already a matter of but little interest to the public, but facts should still have their influence.

A \$1,000 piano for \$200 is rarely met with, and parties deceive themselves in expecting that \$200 will buy more than a \$200 piano, no matter what it may be called, whether a \$300, or \$600, or a \$1,000 nearly new piano.

## Agencies for the Henry F. Miller Pianos

are established in all sections of the country, in the Dominion of Canada, and abroad. In all cases we would advise our readers to correspond with, or personally call upon, our established agents, when possible; but do not be deceived by agents claiming to be able to furnish our instruments, yet who do not hold an agency. When in doubt, write to the manufacturer.

**HENRY F. MILLER,**  
Boston, Mass., U. S. A.

## THE HENRY F. MILLER CENTENNIAL EXHIBIT.

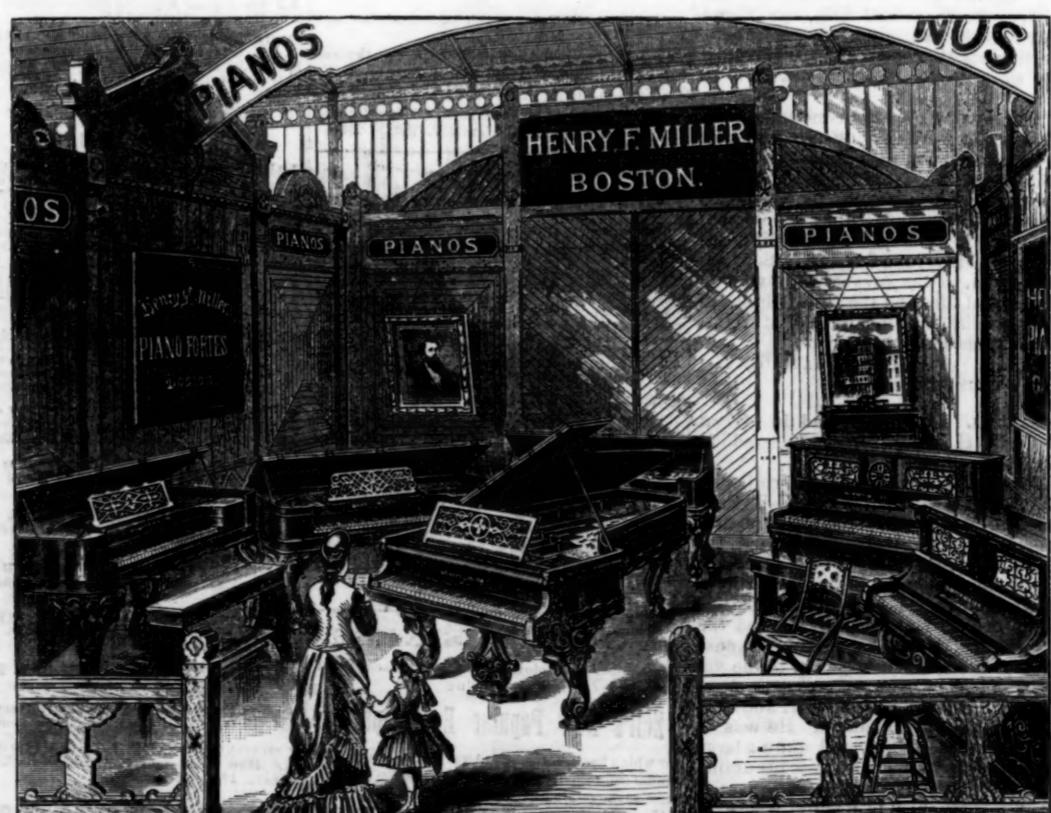


FIGURE 2.

